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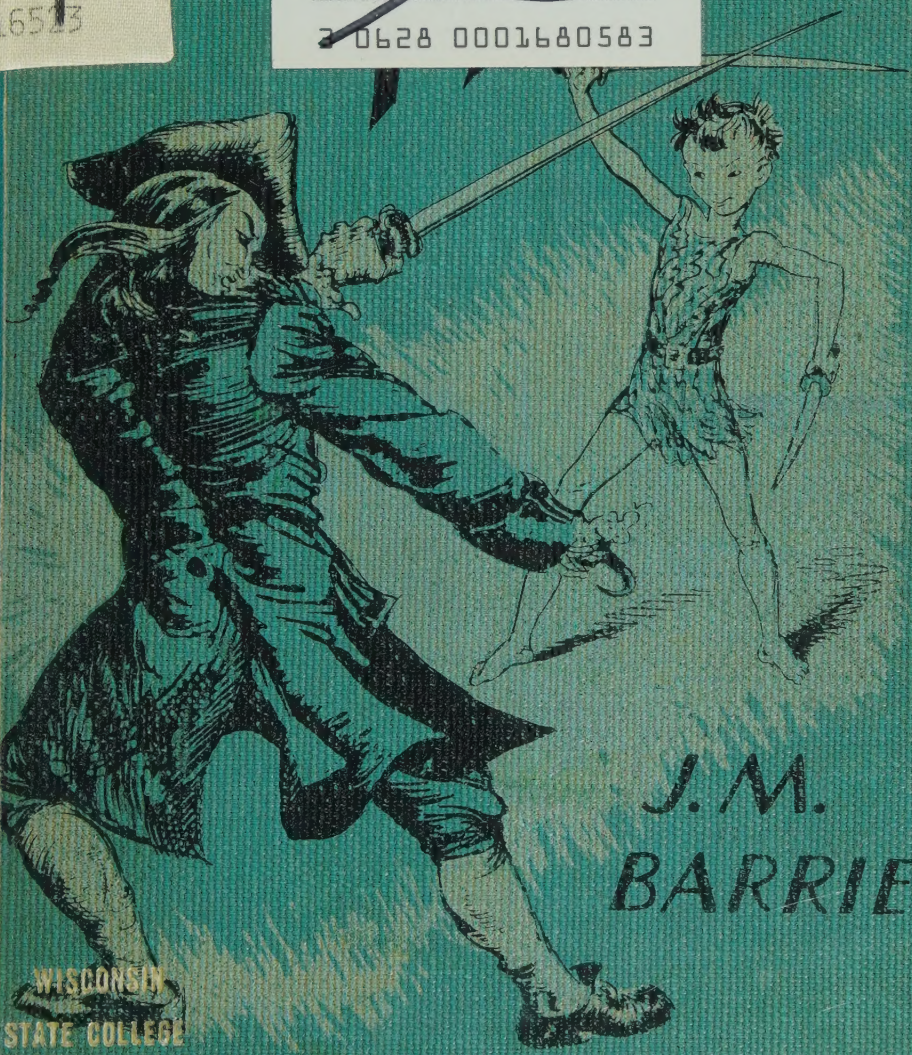

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THE LOST BOYS KNELT BEFORE HER.

PETER PAN

THE BOY WHO WOULD NEVER GROW UP TO BE A MAN

RETOLD · FROM · SIR · JAMES · M · BARRIE'S
FAMOUS · PLAY

EDITED AND ARRANGED
BY
FREDERICK ORVILLE PERKINS
EDITOR OF "THE BLUE BIRD," ETC.

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ALICE B. WOODWARD

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

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N.C.
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Dedication

To All Who Love and Believe
in Fairies

16523

Introduction

"Who are you, Pan?"
"I am Youth, Eternal Youth!
I am the Sun rising, I am Poets singing,
I am the New World I am a little bird
That has broken out of the egg,
I am Joy, Joy, Joy."

Sir James Matthew Barrie's delightful creation, "Peter Pan," has by this time taken a secure place in the hearts of children of all ages, and there are few homes in the land in which Peter, Wendy, Tinker Bell, Captain Hook and his Pirates, the Mermaids and Redskins, and the exciting world in which they live are not as familiar as the most time-honored lore of fairyland. "Peter Pan" as a play is a little closer to the affections of most children and grown-ups than any other play of our time.

"Peter Pan" ranks with Maeterlinck's child's classic, "The Blue Bird." Both plays are unique in having an equally strong appeal to children and adults.

"I'm Youth, Eternal Youth," cries Barrie's immortal boy. And this is the spirit of Peter Pan — joy and innocence, freshness of morning; the buoyant, creative, upbuilding energy of life at the springtime.

"Peter Pan" has become and will remain a radiant center of good-will and good fellowship. Its influence is like sunshine. Playing "Peter Pan" is not acting a rôle; it is embodying a living thought; it is expressing a life force in the simplest, most beautiful way by teaching us to look at life from a child's point of view. So looked at it follows quite naturally that it is liked not only by children but by men and women who love each other, have homes and little children, and sorrows that love can heal, and joys that leave no bitter taste. Realities that seemed formidable are found not to be real at all and all sorts of lovely illusions are dreams that may come true. "Peter Pan" is not to be judged by the ordinary standards. It is a pure fantasy by the one writer, since Robert Louis Stevenson, who has most truly kept the heart and mind of a child. Boys and girls of all ages love it because it is a boy's mind turned inside out. Everything in it happens precisely as it would happen in a world made by a healthy boy of imagination. All the best things come true. Very few plays written in the English language in the last fifty years are half so sure of a place in the living theatre of the next century as this airy fantasy of Barrie's.

It was on the night of November 6th, 1905, that "Peter Pan" was played for the first time in America. It had been produced triumphantly in London the year before and quite a fever of expectancy awaited its production in America. The first reviews of the play were unfavorable. Few, if any, read its successful future, and it is to be gravely doubted if Barrie himself believed at the start that his play, about the boy who would not grow up, would bring him more fame than any other work he had ever written. Sir Herbert Tree, the eminent English actor, writing to a friend said, "Barrie has gone

quite out of his mind. I am sorry to say it, but you ought to know it. He has just read me a play. I know I have not gone woozy in my mind, but Barrie must be mad. He has written four acts about fairies, children and Indians running through the most incoherent story you ever listened to, and what do you suppose? The last act is to be set on the tops of trees." It is interesting to note that from such a doubtful beginning, this famous story very soon reached a high rank as a piece of play-writing, and has now become established as a really great English classic. The very high place this play holds is destined to be retained, and to give continued delight to millions of lovers of really fine literature.

The manuscript of the play has never been published. It is in curious script with its striking contrasts, — the most amazing flights of fancy, the most delicate gossamer of playful humor followed by the most prosaic and the most mechanically exact stage directions wherein is planned every detail of the immensely complicated machinery for putting "Peter Pan" upon the stage. Here is included the missing scene, Marooner's Rock of the Mermaid's Lagoon, a scene now long omitted from the play as produced.

"Peter Pan" was created in the mind of a man of insight and gentleness, one of the most brilliant figures in modern literature. James Matthew Barrie was born at Kirriemuir, Scotland, May 9th, 1860, and was educated at the famous Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University. In 1883 he went to Nottingham, England, as a writer on the staff of the *Nottingham Journal*, and for a year and a half contributed to that Journal. He then went to London and was a frequent contributor to the *St. James Gazette* and other English papers. His first notable book was "Auld Licht Idylls," written in

1888, which is an account of life in his native village. This was followed by "A Window in Thrums" and "My Lady Nicotine." In 1891 Barrie wrote "The Little Minister," which was his first serious attempt at a long novel. "Margaret Ogilvy" (a biography of his mother) and "Sentimental Tommy" appeared in 1896; the latter being followed by a sequel, "Tommy and Grizel." Then followed such stories as "The Professor's Love Story," "What Every Woman Knows," "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," etc. In recognition of his literary work Barrie was knighted, and now holds one of the highest places among contemporary writers.

Contents

	PAGE
EARLY DAYS	1
THE NEVER-NEVER-NEVER-LAND . .	22
THE MERMAIDS' LAGOON	37
THE UNDERGROUND HOME	43
THE PIRATE SHIP	57
HOME, SWEET HOME	69

List of Illustrations

The Lost Boys knelt before her . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

With Michael sitting on her back 2

Peter's shadow made patterns on the floor . . 12

Away they floated 20

Slightly was dancing merrily with an ostrich . 22

The Indians crept silently up 26

"The Crocodile! the Crocodile!" 28

She was combing her long tresses 37

She slipped out of his grasp 38

A fierce fight ensued 40

Spreading his coat to the wind, he sailed merrily 42

Seized by one of the swarthy ruffians 50

He caught sight of Tinker Bell in his glass . . 54

The pirate ship 57

List of Illustrations

FACING PAGE

Right into the jaws of the crocodile 66

Nurse to the Papooses! 68

He would live in the kennel till his children's return 70

Peter Pan

Early Days

EARLY DAYS

ONCE upon a time there lived three dear little children called John Napoleon, Wendy Moira Angela, and Michael. They were Mr. and Mrs. Darling's children, and their nursery was the cosiest, prettiest room you ever saw. It was wide and airy, with large windows and a deep fireplace with a high fire-guard around it. Over in one corner there was a big clock, and the walls were covered with pretty nursery-rhyme pictures.

It was in many ways a most interesting and unusual household. For one thing, although there was a pretty little serving-maid called Liza, the children were bathed and dressed by a big dog. Nana was the dog's name and her kennel was kept in the nursery, a most delightful arrangement.

On the evening when our story begins, Nana was dozing peacefully by the fireside, with her head between her paws. Mr. and Mrs. Darling were getting ready to go out to dinner, and Nana was to be left in sole charge of the children. Presently the clock struck — one, two, three, four, five, six, — time to begin to put the children to bed.

Nana got up quickly, stretched herself, and carefully switched on the electric light. You would have been surprised to see how cleverly she managed to do that with her mouth. Then she turned the bedclothes neatly down and hung the little pajamas over the fire-guard. She then trotted up to the bathroom and turned on the water. After feeling it with her paw to make sure that it was not too hot, she went to look for Michael. Michael was the youngest of the three children, and was always put to bed first, although like many little boys he always wanted to stay up longer.

WITH MICHAEL SITTING ON HER BACK.

She returned immediately with him sitting astride her back as though she were a pony. Michael, of course, did not want to be bathed, but Nana was very firm, and taking him to the bathroom, shut the door so that he should not be in a draught. Then Mrs. Darling came to peep at him as he splashed about in the nice warm water.

While Mrs. Darling was in the nursery, she heard a slight noise outside the window. A tiny figure, no bigger than a little boy, tried the window-latch, and vanished suddenly at her cry of surprise. She flung the window open, but there was nothing to be seen, nothing but the dim roofs of the neighboring houses, and the deep blue sky above.

Mrs. Darling was quite frightened, because the same thing had happened the day before.

She and Nana had gone into the nursery and had seen the strange little creature standing in the middle of the room. Nana

growled and sprang at the boy, who leaped lightly through the window. The good dog had shut the window down so quickly that she had cut off the boy's shadow. Mrs. Darling had found it in Nana's mouth and had folded it up carefully and put it away.

But she soon felt reassured when her children came in together in answer to her call. John Napoleon and Wendy were playing at their favorite game of being Father and Mother, and Mrs. Darling's beautiful face beamed with delight as she listened to them.

Suddenly, in rushed Mr. Darling, very much excited because he could not fasten his evening tie (evening ties are difficult things to fasten, you know). He had been trying to tie it by practicing it around a bed post, but with no result. Mrs. Darling easily managed the tie for him, and he was soon skipping about the room with Michael on his back, dropping him finally into his bed with a big "bump-ah!"

The fun ended with the appearance of Nana, who, in going to the bathroom, had accidentally brushed against Mr. Darling's beautifully pressed black trousers and left some of her gray, clinging hairs upon them. Now no grown-up person likes hairy trousers, so Mr. Darling was very cross with Nana, and spoke of dismissing her, saying it was a great mistake to have a dog for a nurse. Mr. Darling had always had a feeling that Nana looked upon the children as puppies. But Mrs. Darling insisted he was wrong, and that Nana knew the children had souls.

Mrs. Darling told him about the weird apparition at the window, how Nana had barked at it and shut the window down so fast that its shadow had been cut entirely off, and left behind. She showed him the shadow, which he examined thoughtfully, and told him how glad she was to have such a treasure as Nana for a nurse.

"You see how very useful Nana is," concluded Mrs. Darling.

Just then the faithful dog came in with Michael's bottle of cough mixture. But Michael was naughty, and would not take it. There was a fine fuss over it, but Wendy, being a clever little girl, hit on a brilliant idea.

"Father should take some of *his* medicine to keep Michael company."

"Very well," said Mr. Darling. "We shall see who is the braver."

Two glasses were brought and filled in a moment. "One, two, three," cried Wendy; Michael took his like a man, but Mr. Darling only pretended to, and quietly hid the glass behind his back. John caught him in the act. "Father hasn't taken his!" he cried, and Michael, seeing that he had been tricked, burst into a loud "Boo-hoo-oo!"

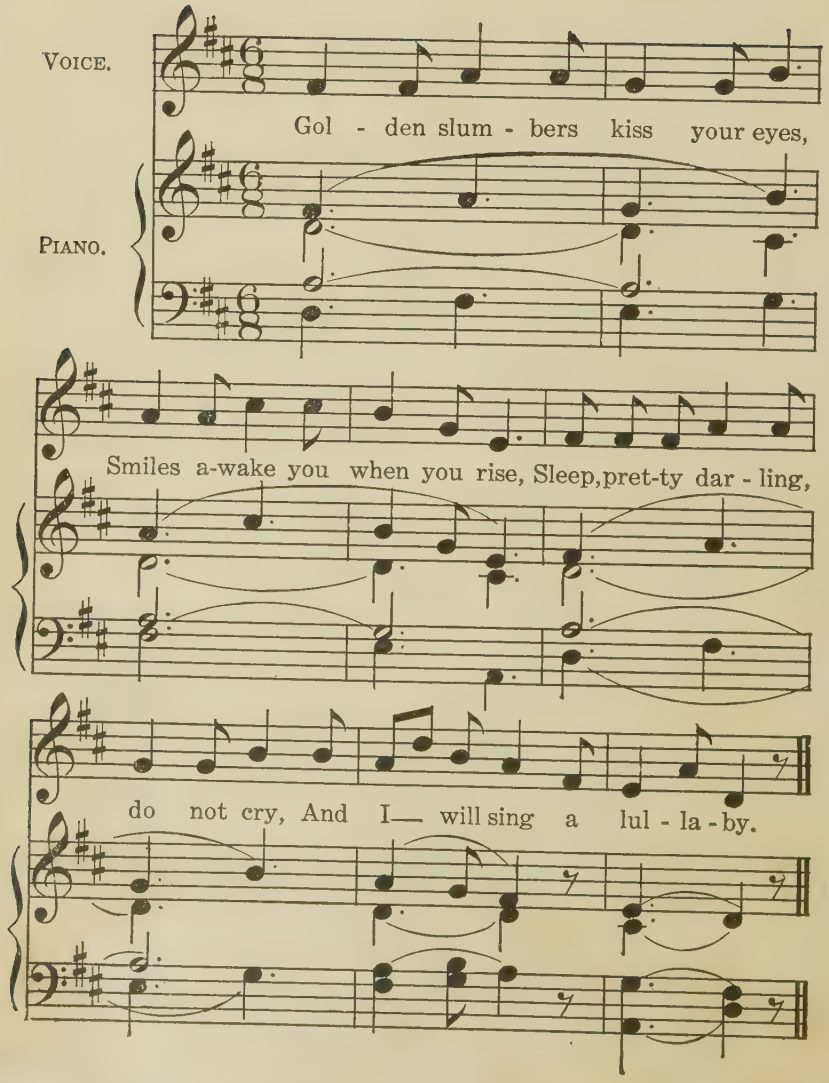
Mr. Darling, to appease Michael, thought of what seemed to him an excellent joke.

He poured his medicine into Nana's drinking-bowl, and when poor Nana, thinking that it was something nice, ran eagerly to lap it up, he roared with laughter to see the reproachful eyes she turned upon him. The children, who loved their old nurse very dearly, were terribly distressed as she slunk to her kennel, looking as woeful and as hurt in her feelings as ever a dog did.

Mr. Darling was frightfully ashamed of himself, but he would not give in. He coaxed Nana out of her kennel, seized her by the collar, and dragged her off in disgrace, to be chained up in the yard, "the proper place for dogs," he said, in spite of the persuasions and pleadings of them all.

Mrs. Darling comforted the children, kissing them very tenderly as mothers always do, tucked them up in their beds, sang them to sleep, and leaving the night-lights burning for company, crept softly out of the room to go to the dinner party with Mr. Darling.

Lullaby


Voice.
Piano.
Gol - den slum - bers kiss your eyes,
Smiles a-wake you when you rise, Sleep, pret-ty dar - ling,
do not cry, And I— will sing a lul - la - by.

Everything in the big nursery was now still and quiet, except for the occasional barking of Nana, who was chained up in the yard. Suddenly the pretty little night-lights flickered, waned, and went out one by one. A tiny ball of fire, hundreds of times brighter than the night-lights, darted into the room. It flitted uneasily all over the nursery. It went into all the bureau drawers, it rummaged in the wardrobe, turning every pocket inside out, and, finally, vanished into a jug!

Then the same slender, graceful figure that had so startled Mrs. Darling leaped from the darkness outside the window. There was just one click, the window was open, and the little creature stepped cautiously in. He seemed to be looking for something; and you will easily guess that what he was looking for was his shadow. "Tink, where are you?" he whispered, and seeing the light shining in the jug he went on, "Tink, do you know where they have put it?"

Now this little ball of light was really a fairy girl who knew everything worth knowing. Most fairies do. All you could see of her was the little flame, but you could *hear* her distinctly; she made a tinkling noise like a little silver bell (it is the fairy language, you know). That was why she was called Tinker Bell. Ordinary children can never hear the fairy language. If by any chance they ever do, they know they have heard it before.

Tinker Bell at last rested a few moments on the second drawer of the nursery dresser; instantly the boy ran joyfully to it, and pulling open the drawer snatched out his shadow, neatly rolled up, just as Mrs. Darling had left it. But when he had found it, he did not know how to put it on again.

A happy thought struck him; he would stick it on with soap from the bathroom! Sitting on the hearth-rug, he soaped his feet and then he soaped his shadow, but which

ever way he soaped they would not stick together. There is no use in having a shadow if it will not stick to you. After trying and trying in vain, the poor little fellow gave up the attempt, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed despairingly.

It was then that Wendy awoke. She sat right up in bed, and, not at all frightened, said courteously: "Little boy, why are you crying?"

The elfin creature sprang to his feet, and taking off his cap, bowed very politely. Wendy curtsied in return, though she found it a difficult thing to do in bed.

"What's your name?" asked the little boy.

"Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What's yours?"

"Peter Pan."

"Where do you live?"

"Second turning to the right, and straight on till morning."

This seemed to Wendy a very funny address. She told Peter so. But she was awfully sorry for Peter when she heard that he had no mother. No wonder he was crying! But Peter was crying because he couldn't get his shadow to stick on. Wendy could not help smiling when she saw that he had been trying to make it stay on with soap. "It must be sewn on," she said. "Shall I do it for you?" She jumped out of bed to get her sewing basket and set to work at once. It hurts a good deal to have a shadow sewn on to your feet, but Peter bore it bravely. It was the right thing to do, for the shadow held on beautifully, and Peter was so delighted that he danced up and down the nursery watching it make patterns on the floor as he flung his arms and legs about.

"Oh, the cleverness of me!" cried Peter, overcome with joy, and he crowed with pleasure, for all the world like a rooster.

PETER'S SHADOW MADE PATTERNS ON THE FLOOR

"You conceit," exclaimed Wendy indignantly, "of course *I* did nothing!"

"Oh, you did a little!" replied Peter, dancing on.

"A little! If I am no use, I can at least withdraw," she said, jumping back into bed and covering her head in a dignified way with the bedclothes.

"Oh! Wendy, please don't withdraw," Peter exclaimed in great distress. "I can't help crowing when I'm pleased with myself. One girl is more use than twenty boys."

This was rather clever of Peter. Wendy could not resist his pleading voice and got up again. She even offered to give Peter a kiss if he liked. Peter looked puzzled, but seeing the thimble on Wendy's finger he thought she meant to give him that, and held out his hand for it. Now Wendy saw at a glance that the poor boy did not even know what a kiss was, but being a nice little girl of motherly disposition, she did not hurt

his feelings by laughing at him, but simply placed the thimble on his finger.

Peter admired the thimble very much. "Shall I give you a kiss?" he asked, and jerking an acorn button off his coat, solemnly presented it to her.

Wendy at once fastened it on a chain which she wore about her neck, and, forgetting the puzzle in his mind, she once more asked him for a kiss.

Immediately he returned the thimble. "Oh, I didn't mean a kiss, I meant a thimble!"

"What's that?" he asked.

"It's like this," replied Wendy, and gently kissed his cheek.

"Oh," cried Peter, "how nice!" and he began to give her thimbles in return, and ever afterwards he called a kiss a thimble, and a thimble a kiss.

"But, Peter, how old are you?" continued Wendy.

"I don't know, but I am quite young. I ran away the day I was born."

"Ran away? Why?"

"Because I heard my father and mother talking about what I was to be when I became a man. I don't want to be a man. I want always to be a little boy and have fun. So I ran away to live among the fairies."

Wendy was almost speechless with delight at the thought of sitting beside a boy who knew fairies, and after a minute said: "Peter, do you really know fairies?"

"Yes, but they're nearly all dead now. You see, Wendy, when the first baby laughed for the first time, its laugh broke into a thousand pieces, and they all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies. And now, whenever a new baby is born, its first laugh becomes a fairy. So there ought to be a fairy for every little boy and girl, but there isn't. You see, children know

such a lot now. They soon won't believe in fairies, and whenever a child says: 'I don't believe in fairies,' there's a fairy somewhere that falls down dead."

Peter thought he had now talked enough about fairies, and suddenly looked about the room, as though he were searching for something. Tinker Bell had disappeared!

Before he could grow anxious, however, a gentle tinkling of bells was heard, and Peter, who knew the fairy language well, of course understood it. He quickly pulled open the drawer in which his shadow had been hidden, and out sprang Tinker Bell, very angry with him for having accidentally shut her up there. She skipped about the room tinkling with anger, but Wendy gave such a cry of delight at the idea of seeing a real fairy, that Tinker was frightened and hid behind the clock.

"But, Peter," cried Wendy, "if you don't live with the fairies, where do you live?"

"I live with the Lost Boys."

"Who are they?"

"Why, they are the children who fall out of their baby carriages when their mothers are looking the other way. If they are not claimed within seven days, they are sent far away to the Never-Never-Never-Land to defray expenses. I'm their Captain."

"Oh! what fun that must be! But, Peter, why did you come to our nursery window?"

Peter told her that he came to listen to the lovely stories Wendy's mother related to her children, for the Lost Boys had no mothers, and no one to tell them any stories. He also told her how he led the boys against their enemies, the pirates and the wolves, and how they enjoyed bathing in the Lagoon, where beautiful mermaids sang and swam all day long.

"I must go back now," he went on; "the boys will be anxious to hear the end of the

story about the Prince and the glass slipper. I told them as much as I knew, and they're longing to hear the rest."

Wendy begged him to stay.

"I'll tell you lots more," she promised, "ever so many stories if you'll only stay."

"Come, Wendy!" exclaimed Peter, struck with a new idea. "You can tell us all the stories there, and darn our stockings, and make pockets for us, and tuck us in at night. We have no one to darn our stockings, and no one to tuck us in! All the boys long for a mother. Oh, Wendy, do come!"

It was a tempting idea to Wendy, but a sudden thought came across her mind. "Peter, I can't! Think of Mamma! Besides, I can't fly."

"I'll teach you, Wendy."

This was too much for her. "Peter, will you teach John and Michael to fly as well?"

"Yes, if you like."

So John and Michael were awakened, and directly they heard that there were pirates in the Never-Never-Never-Land, they began to clamor to go at once. They watched Peter fly about the room, and tried to imitate him, flapping their arms clumsily at first like young birds, and flopping about all over the place. It looked quite easy, but although they tried and tried jumping they always went down instead of up.

"I've got it now, Wendy!" cried John, but soon found that he had not. Not one of them could fly an inch.

"That will never do," Peter said, "I must blow some fairy dust on you. Now waggle your shoulders as I do."

So they tried, and found that they could fly; just a little at first, from the bed to the floor and back again; and then, as they grew braver, over the bed and across the room, almost as easily as Peter himself. Up and down they went, and round and round.

"Tink, lead the way!" called Peter, and the fairy shot out like a little star. None of the children had time to put on their day clothes, but John snatched his top hat as he flew out of the window, followed by Michael. Peter Pan held Wendy's hand, and away they floated into the dark blue depths of the starry night.

A minute afterwards, Mrs. Darling, who had just returned from the party, rushed into the nursery with Nana at her heels, for Nana had been anxious about her charges, and had just succeeded in breaking her chain. But it was too late. The children were already on their way to the Never-Never-Never-Land.

AWAY THEY FLOATED.

The Never-Never-Never-Land

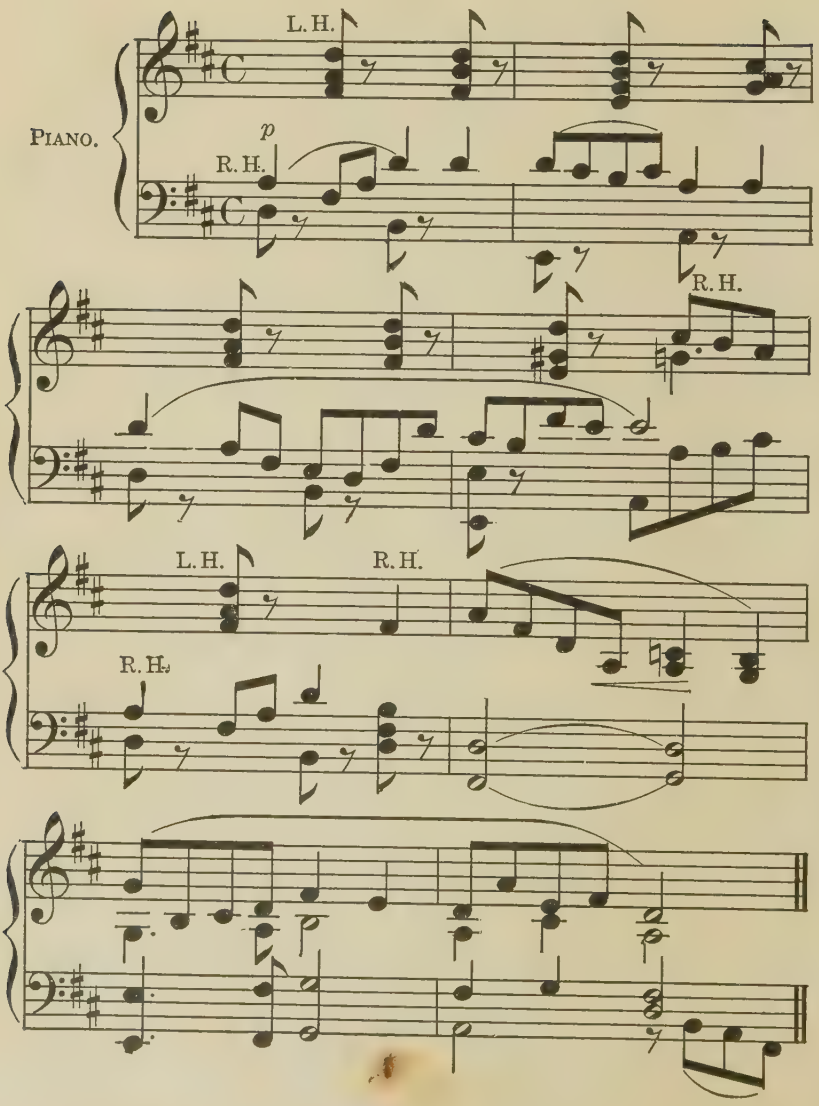
THE NEVER–NEVER–NEVER–LAND

Far away in the Never-Never-Never-Land, the Lost Boys lived in the depths of the forest on the banks of a lake now covered with ice. The trees were bare without their summer dress, and wolves prowled and howled in the distance, and wild beasts snarled in the undergrowth. Dangerous Pirates sailed up and down the lake, and the Red Indians, who were friends of the boys, lived secretly in their wigwams hidden in the shadows of deep woods.

The Lost Boys, who, in their fur coats, looked more like bears than boys, were anxiously awaiting Peter's return. There were six of them, Slightly Soiled, the eldest; then came Tootles, and Nibs, and Curly, and the Twins, who were so much alike

The Arrival of Wendy

Andante con espressione



SLIGHTLY WAS DANCING MERRILY WITH AN OSTRICH.

that one name did for both of them, so each was called Twin. They lived like moles under the ground, for fear of the Pirates and the wolves. Each one had a special staircase hollowed in a tree trunk, so that they could easily run down among the roots of the trees into their home.

They were playing happily about, although they were beginning to be a little anxious that Peter was so long away. During Peter's absence, things were usually quiet in the Never-Never-Never-Land. The fairies take an hour longer in the morning, the beasts attend to their young, the Redskins feed heartily. But with the coming of Peter, who dislikes laziness, they are all under way again.

Slightly was tootling on a whistle, and dancing quite merrily, with an ostrich for partner (a queer companion, you will say), when suddenly the gruff voices of the Pirates were heard. Nibs, who was very brave

slipped away through the trees to scout, but the others had only just time to scuttle down the stairs in the hollow trees before the big ugly buccaneers came tramping up, hauling their captain, who was sitting in state upon a sledge.

You could not imagine a more dreadful looking villain than that Pirate Captain was. His name was James Hook, and it suited him perfectly. He had two evil-looking black eyes, his face was seamed with lines which clearly expressed his wicked thoughts, his hideous chin, all unshaven, was as black as ink and as prickly as a furze-bush, his hair was long and black, and hung around his face in greasy curls.

He treated his men as dogs, and like dogs his men obeyed him. He was singing a horrible song, keeping time by swinging in the air the gruesome stump of his right arm, on which a double iron-pronged hook was fixed instead of a hand. Hence his name.

Hook was the wickedest pirate who ever lived! He simply wallowed in wickedness! Even his own crew dreaded him; and they were as bad as could be. So no wonder the Lost Boys darted like rabbits to their cave.

Now Captain Hook most of all wanted to find Peter Pan, for it was Peter, who, a long time before, in an encounter between the Pirates and the Lost Boys, had cut off his right arm and flung it to a passing crocodile. The crocodile had liked the taste of it so much that ever since he had wandered from land to land and from sea to sea licking his lips for the rest of the Captain. In a way it was a sort of compliment, but Hook didn't care for that kind of a compliment.

The Captain had naturally some reason for hating Peter, for he had a dreadful time eluding the voracious crocodile. The beast dogged his footsteps, and followed him on

and on and on by land and sea wherever he went. The Captain only got a start when the crocodile was asleep, and with that and a swift ship, he had managed so far to escape. It was an awful life to live.

Fortunately for Hook, the crocodile had once swallowed an alarm clock (one of those patent ninety-nine years clocks, warranted to go any time, anywhere and anyhow). Go it did, and it ticked so loudly that the Captain could always hear it coming. It was the signal for him to bolt! But Hook lived in terror for fear that the clock would some day run down. He knew that if it should, the crocodile could creep up behind him and swallow him in one gulp before he had heard a sound.

Now Hook sat down on one of the enormous forest mushrooms (in the Never-Never-Never-Land mushrooms grow to a gigantic size) to deliberate about his mode of revenge. He was in the middle of a tor-

THE INDIANS CREPT SILENTLY UP.

rent of braggings and boastings when he felt his seat getting not only warm, but much too warm. There was little wonder in that, for when he furiously leaped up, he found that he had really been sitting on a chimney of the underground home which Peter had so cleverly disguised.

Hook examined the mushroom and tried to pull it up. It came away at once in his hand, for it had no root. Stranger still, smoke began to ascend. He could hear, too, the sound of children's voices, for the Boys felt so safe in their hiding place that they were chattering gayly. Hook realized at once that the Lost Boys must be living in safety down below.

Very soon he had a wicked, treacherous plan settled. He determined to cook a huge, rich cake, with beautiful green icing and a poisoned filling. He was sure that the Lost Boys, who had no mother to look after them, would eat it greedily, and die

with awful pains inside. Smee, as the Captain's wily lieutenant was called, was overjoyed when he heard of this plan, and chuckled loudly.

"Shake hands on't," said Hook, but Smee did not want to, and begged to be excused.

"Paw, Smee, paw," said the Captain in an awful voice, so Smee had to take the horrid hook in his hands, and they both danced round while Hook sang with horrible glee:

"Yo ho, yo ho, when I say 'Paw'
By fear they're overtook;
Naught's left upon your bones when you
Have shaken hands with Hook."

Just as he was gloating over his pleasant scheme, a queer sound was heard, like a corncrake coming nearer and nearer through a barley field. "Tick, tack, tick, tack." It was indeed the crocodile which had passed the Redskins who were on the trail of the other pirates.

"THE CROCODILE! THE CROCODILE!"

"The Crocodile! the Crocodile!" the Pirate Captain yelled, and in a moment was flying for his life.

The Pirates had scarcely disappeared in the depths of the forest, when the Indians crept silently up in pursuit of them. Tiger Lily, their chieftainess, was at their head, now running swiftly under the trees, now listening with her ear to the ground, to find out where her enemies had gone. For, like Tinker Bell, and Wendy, she loved Peter Pan, and his enemies were her enemies.

The Redskins slid along, following the Pirates with steps as quiet as those of a beetle crawling through the grass. They soon passed far out of sight, and then, one by one, the Lost Boys peeped from their tree trunks, and seeing all was quiet, came out again to their playground in the woods.

But their safety did not last for long. A fierce barking of wolves was heard, and Nibs, who had gone away by himself, rushed

quite out of breath into the midst of the Boys, closely pursued by a pack of lean and hungry wolves with glittering fiery eyes. Their yelping was horrible.

"Save me, save me!" cried Nibs, falling to the ground.

What were the Lost Boys to do in this terrible plight, when their leader was far away? "What would Peter do?" the Boys cried all together. Fortunately, one of them remembered Peter's way of frightening wolves. Whenever he was attacked by wild beasts Peter used to run at them through his legs. The Lost Boys did this all together, and really, it was so astonishing that the wolves dropped their tails and slunk away with terrified howls to the thickets where they lived.

Then Nibs told the Boys how he had seen the loveliest white bird imaginable.

"It was flying this way," he said. "It looked so wearied, and as it flew it moaned 'Poor Wendy.'"

"Are you sure it was a bird?" they asked.

Nibs was quite sure, and almost at once, they saw Wendy flying through the trees in her white nightgown. Tinker Bell was by her side, darting at her, pinching her savagely every time she came near, and telling the Boys that Peter wanted her shot. Tinker was rather a bad little fairy sometimes, and now was very jealous of Wendy.

Instantly, Tootles seized his bow and arrow and shot at the bird, as he thought. Wendy fell fainting to the ground with an arrow in her breast.

At once the Boys saw that she was not a bird at all, but a little girl, and perhaps the very mother whom Peter had promised to bring them. They were very frightened, and soon were sure that they had done a dreadful thing, for Peter came flying down with John and Michael, and immediately inquired after Wendy.

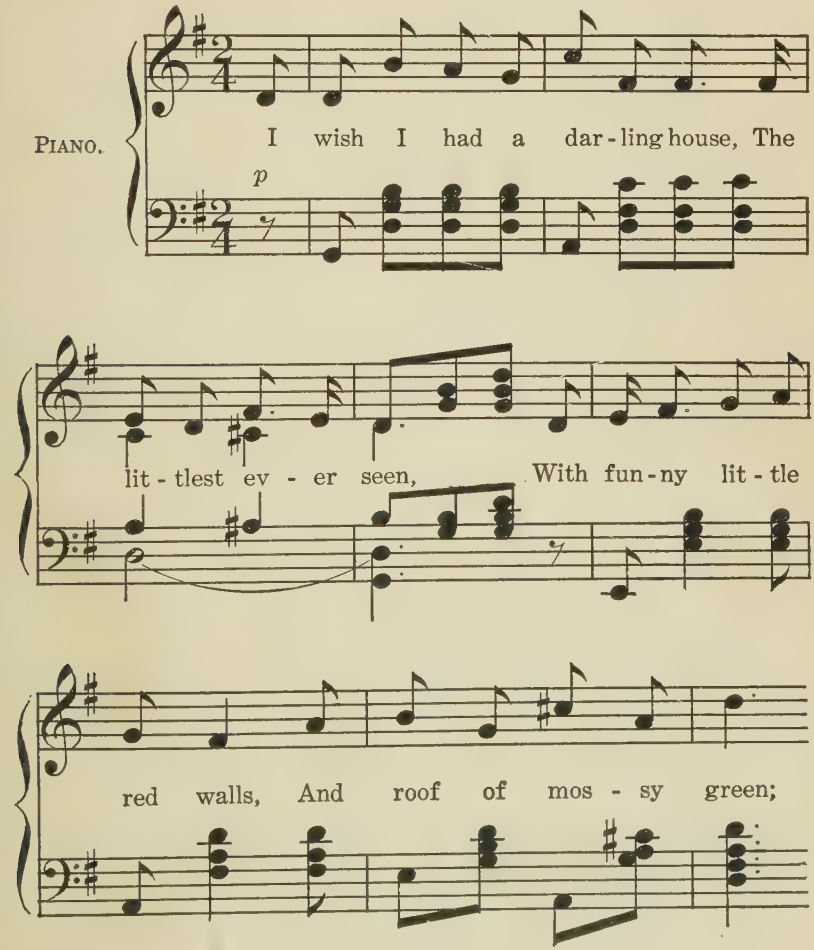
"She flew this way. Haven't you seen her?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tootles, trembling, and pointed to her as she lay motionless on the ground.

Peter bent over her and took the arrow, and in his anger would have killed Tootles with it, if Wendy had not stayed him, by feebly moving her hand. Then they were all glad, for Wendy was not dead, as they had thought, but only stunned. The arrow had fortunately struck the button which Peter had given her in mistake for a kiss, and which she had strung about her neck. Soon she was quite well again, but faint and tired, after her long flight through the air.

The Boys did not know what to do. They did not like to carry her down into the cave, as it might not be sufficiently respectful, so they planned to build a house over her. Only they did not know what kind of house to build.

Then Wendy sang in her half-sleep the kind of house she wanted:



and the Boys brought logs out of a forest, and a grate and a rug from the underground cave and built a beautiful home for her out of wood, and tarpaulin, and make-believe. They made a chimney out of John's tall hat, and a splendid knocker out of the sole of one of Tootles' boots. They carpeted the ground with moss; they pushed their fists through the walls to make windows and hung large yellow leaves for blinds. Peter strolled up and down, ordering finishing touches. Nothing escaped his eager eyes.

When it was finished it was built round Wendy as she lay on the ground. Peter knocked solemnly at the door, and Wendy opened it and came out, very pleased and happy. The Lost Boys knelt before her, and begged her to be their Mother, and tuck them in at night time, and tell them stories before they went to bed. She said that she was not quite sure if she could, but she would do her best, if only Peter would be

Father, and to this plan Peter consented very readily and willingly.

"And now," she said, "you may come in if you like, for I have just time to finish the story of Cinderella before I put you to bed."

In they bundled one after the other to listen to the tale. I do not know how there was room for them, but you can squeeze very tight in the Never-Never-Never-Land. They were so big, and the house was so small, that they must have been packed like sardines inside. But a sort of cosy feeling like that was, I expect, just what they wanted, and this was the beginning of the many joyous evenings they had with Wendy.

By and by, she tucked them into the great bed in their house down among the roots of the trees. She herself slept that night in the house the boys had built for her.

Then evening fell softly on the forest, and

the shadows came, so that everything was dark and still, save for the occasional baying of a wolf, and the noise of the Pirates carousing far away.

Lights were lit in the little house, making it look very cosy and safe. At last, when it was quite night, Peter came out with his sword, and walked up and down like a sentry, to guard the new little mother he had brought for the Lost Boys.

The Mermaids' Lagoon

SHE WAS COMBING HER LONG TRESSES.

THE MERMAIDS' LAGOON

One fine summer evening Peter, with Wendy and their little family, went down to the Lagoon where the mermaids lived. The Never-Never-Never-Land, you see, is full of the most strange and interesting creatures; some of them terrible, like the Pirates, wolves, and crocodiles; others, like the fairies and the mermaids, altogether beautiful and charming.

Wendy and her brothers, who had never seen a real mermaid with a tail, were very much excited as they drew near the lagoon. As luck would have it, just as they arrived they saw a mermaid seated on a rock combing her long tresses. The sunlight gleamed on her beautiful greenish gold hair until it shone like bronze. And she was singing

such a wonderful melody that the boys longed to catch her. They instantly dashed into the water, but with a piercing cry of "Mortals!" the Mermaid dived out of their reach into the lowest depths.

"But look! here is another little mermaid! Surely we can catch her!" said John Napoleon Darling, and he almost did.

Mermaids, however, are hard to catch, and when caught, are still harder to hold. John succeeded in getting the little sprite in his hands, but wriggling like an eel, she slipped out of his grasp. Breathless with excitement, the whole band of children clambered on to the rocks, when all at once a cry went up: "The Pirates!"

Sure enough, a boat was approaching, and in it were seated the two pirate lieutenants, Smee and Starkey. The boys were already swimming to the shore as fast as they could, when to his horror Peter recognized Tiger Lily sitting in the stern tightly bound with

SHE SLIPPED OUT OF HIS GRASP.

ropes. In a flash he guessed what the Pirates were going to do. The wretches meant to leave her all bound as she was, upon the rock, until the tide came up and drowned her. Yet Tiger Lily looked calm and impassive. She was the daughter of an Indian chief, too proud to offer a vain resistance, ready to die a fearless death, as befits the daughter of a chief.

Determined to save her, Peter thought of a clever trick. Imitating the wicked Captain's voice he called out: "Cut her bonds and let her go!"

"But, Captain —"

"At once, do you hear," cried Peter, "or I'll plunge my hook in you."

"Better do what the Captain orders," said Starkey nervously.

The effect was marvelous; the astonished buccaneers, fearing to disobey their Captain, released Tiger Lily, who leaped into the water and swam towards the Boys.

The Pirates had turned and were rowing back, when they saw Hook swimming towards them, and learned from him how they had been duped. Horribly enraged, he chased them out of the boat, leaving them to swim back to the ship as best they might, while he himself set about recapturing Tiger Lily.

But the Pirates once safely out of the way, Peter and his friends went back to the rock to attack the Captain, who was now single-handed. A fierce fight ensued, Hook using his iron prong to some purpose on poor Peter, while the Boys, seizing Hook's boat, rowed off with Tiger Lily in it. At last, finding himself outdone, the Captain gave up the fight, and in all haste swam back to his ship.

Peter, left alone on the rock with Wendy, found her so exhausted that she could neither swim nor fly any farther. A mermaid caught Wendy by the feet and began

A FIERCE FIGHT ENSUED.

pulling her gently into the water. But Peter, feeling her slip, was just in time to draw her back. With difficulty he managed to help her to a firm footing, but the tide was rising, and they were both in great danger. As he watched the water silently creeping nearer, Peter almost despaired, for Hook had wounded him in the fight, and he could neither fly nor swim.

But all at once a large kite came flying slowly over the Lagoon. It was a kite that Michael had made some days before, and it had torn itself out of his hands and floated away in the air. "Michael's kite," Peter exclaimed. In a second Peter had seized its tail, and binding it tightly round Wendy, he sent her sailing away in safety, bravely calling, "Good-by, Wendy!" until she was out of sight.

Then indeed, as the tide rose steadily, Peter was in great peril. He was quite alone on the Lagoon. The water reached

his feet, and he was beginning to think it would be a "tremendous adventure to die," when who should come sailing by but a great sea-bird on its nest, which had been blown off the cliffs by the rising storm.

"Hurrah!" cried Peter, "there's a lovely boat for me!" and chasing the bird off, in he stepped, curled himself round, and spreading out his coat to the wind, sailed swiftly and merrily after Wendy.

When Peter landed, he beached the nest-barque in a place where the bird could easily find it again. Then he went back to the home under the ground and found that Wendy had only just arrived. The kite had carried her hither and thither over the Lagoon, while the wind had driven Peter straight towards shore. Great were the rejoicings when Peter arrived, and the Lost Boys were several hours late for bed because they had to hear all about Wendy's escape and Peter's marvelous adventure.

SPREADING HIS COAT TO THE WIND, HE SAILED MERRILY.

The Underground Home

THE UNDERGROUND HOME

THE days passed merrily in the underground home, where Wendy was the sweetest little mother, and Peter the bravest father you could ever have found anywhere. The cave was large and roomy, and the rocks out of which it was hollowed were of a deep brown color. There was a fine large fireplace, and overhead, near the ceiling were hung baskets and fishing-tackle and all sorts of things likely to be useful to cave-dwellers.

Wendy had not been long there before she had improved the home and made it as comfortable as her own nursery. It is wonderful what clever girls can do, even with the poorest materials. There was now a huge bed for all the Boys, and a basket for Michael, because he was the littlest and be-

cause a cradle is such a homely thing to have about the house. And in a corner of the room, hidden behind a tiny crimson curtain, there was a wee little chamber for Tinker Bell, daintily furnished to suit the tastes of a girl fairy. There were stools made of mushrooms for the Boys, and two comfortable chairs made of pumpkins, where Peter and Wendy could sit in state, as was fitting the father and mother of the little family.

One Saturday night, Wendy and the Boys were all downstairs together, waiting for Peter to come back from a hunting expedition. Outside, the faithful Tiger Lily and her Red Indian band were keeping guard against the big attack by the Pirates, which surely could not be much longer delayed.

Presently the crackling of branches indicated Peter's approach through the underwood. Tiger Lily sprang up to meet him, and the Lost Boys ran to the tree-trunk stairways to welcome him on his return.

He was the best of fathers; and never forgot to be a little boy, for he had filled his pockets with fruit for the boys who had been good, and he let them rummage through and through his coat like rats in a corn sack.

Then he turned toward Wendy, who was very busy with her workbasket, mending the children's socks by the fireside, and every stocking had a hole in it! She looked very charming in her pretty brown frock the color of autumn leaves, with scarlet berries in her hair, and she made Peter very happy as they exchanged thimbles and talked over the boys and their doings as if they had really been their father and mother.

When the children clamored for a dance, Peter even said that he was too old for such a game, and that his old bones would simply rattle; but as a matter of fact, he was really much the best dancer among them. Wendy also thought that the mother of such an

armful could not go skipping about with her children. So Peter sang "Sally in our Alley," which song Wendy thought no one else in all the world could sing more sweetly than Peter, while the others danced pillow dances, and bolster dances, and fought pillow fights, and turned somersaults on the beds, and did all the other jolly and lively things that every one wants to do just about bedtime, when one ought to be thinking of going to sleep. What a deliciously creepy song! What an uproariously gay dance! And how they buffeted each other, on the bed and out of it!

At last they quieted down for Wendy to tell them just one more story before they were tucked in for the night. They clustered eagerly round, interrupting every sentence, as children always do, even the best of them, while Wendy told her story, the story the children loved best, the story Peter hated.

What she told them somehow seemed familiar to John, and Michael, and Peter, for it was the tale of Mr. and Mrs. Darling, poor dears, who had lost their children one winter night. Wendy told the boys how sad Mr. and Mrs. Darling were about it, how lonely they felt and how the nursery window would always be kept open ready for the children if ever they should come flying home again.

When she had finished, Peter stood up sadly.

"No, Wendy," he said, "I thought so once, but you cannot be sure that the window will be kept open. When I went back to my mother, the window was barred, and there was another little boy sleeping in my cradle. Mother had forgotten all about me." Perhaps it was not true, but Peter thought it was.

At that thought, Wendy started up with a look of horror in her face: "Perhaps by

this time, Mother may be in half-mourning," she exclaimed, and John and Michael felt they dared not stay another moment in the Never-Never-Never-Land.

What would they do if they were too late in coming back, and found other children in their beds; other children being bathed and dressed by Nana? Wendy decided resolutely that they must go home at once. The dread of finding other children in her nursery made her forgetful of what Peter's feelings might be at their parting.

The Boys crowded around Wendy, imploring her not to leave them. But Wendy was firm. She was going home, and John and Michael were going with her. "If you will all come with me," she said, "I am sure my mother and father will adopt you."

As soon as they heard themselves invited to go with Wendy, the Boys were as happy as larks. For now each of them would have a true mother in Mrs. Darling, and

would live in a house like other boys. In a moment they were packing their baby clothes, and were ready to start on their journey.

Peter alone refused. He was miserable at the thought of losing Wendy, but he couldn't consent to grow old and have a beard, as he knew he must do if he left the Never-Never-Never-Land. Never, never, could he do that! There was nothing for him, then, but to stay behind. Wendy was as careful as a little mother in pouring out Peter's medicine, and made him promise faithfully to take it every night.

But suddenly there was a stamping overhead where all before was still. The air was filled with shrieks, and a banging and a clashing, and a shouting, and a sound of heavy people wrestling and struggling to and fro rent the air.

The Pirates had taken the Red Indians by surprise. The children heard the fight-

ing, and listened like mice to the squalling of cats, as frightened as could be, while Peter waited bravely with his sword. The battle was very soon over. The Redskins were beaten and ran like hares, or crawled dangerously wounded into the thickets. The triumphant Pirates were left victorious, though a little out of breath, close above the children's heads.

Hook, their Captain, more wicked looking than ever, listened at the mushroom chimney, because it was not the Redskins he had come to capture but Peter. It was Peter he wanted, Peter and Wendy and their band, but chiefly Peter. Peter was such a small boy that one wonders at the Pirate's hatred of him. The truth is that there was something about Peter which goaded the Captain to frenzy, and we all know what it was.

"If the Indians have won," Hook heard Peter say, "they'll beat the tomtom."

SEIZED BY ONE OF THE SWARTHY RUFFIANS.

"Aha!" thought Hook, and he picked up a tomtom that one of the flying Indians had left behind, and sounded it loudly; "rub a dub, rub a dub, dub, dub, dub."

"Hurrah!" shouted the children down below. "An Indian victory!"

"All will be safe," said Peter. "You may go now! Tink will show you the way." And bidding a hurried good-by to Peter, they all went up the stairways in the tree trunks, out into the forest.

The Pirates were ready for them. As each child came above the ground, he was seized by one of the swarthy ruffians who stood waiting. The first to come from his tree was Curley. He rose out of it into the arms of Gecco, who flung him to Smee, who flung him to Starkey, who flung him to Bill Jukes, who flung him to Noodler, and so he was tossed from one to another till he fell at the feet of Hook. All the boys were grabbed from their trees in this

rough manner; and several of them were in the air at a time, like bales of goods, flung from hand to hand.

One by one and silently they were captured and flung into boats and transported to the pirate ship which had anchored in the lake close by. There they were tied with ropes to prevent them from flying away.

Everything had been done so quietly that Peter was quite unaware of his friends' sad fate. He only knew that he was all alone, that Wendy and Michael, and John, and all the Lost Boys who had been his companions were on their way from the Never-Never-Never-Land to the country of the ordinary people who wear tall hats and frock coats as soon as they are old enough, and grow up one after the other. Not knowing what was going on above ground, Peter had continued for a little while after the children had left, to play gaily on his pipes, no

doubt rather a sad attempt to prove to himself that he did not care. Poor Peter then threw himself on his bed and sobbed himself to sleep.

Hook was still lurking about, for the thing that annoyed him most was that Peter had not left the cave with the rest, and was as yet safe.

Intently he listened for any sound from the underground home, but all was silent below as above. Was that boy Peter asleep, or did he stand waiting at the foot of Slightly's tree, with his dagger in his hand? There was no way of knowing, save by going down. Hook was a brave man, but for a moment he had to stop there and wipe his brow, which was dripping like a candle.

In his wicked heart a wicked scheme had already risen by which he hoped to kill his enemy. He had carefully listened to Wendy's last words:

"Be sure and take your medicine, Peter." Here was the Captain's chance! Creeping down to the door of the cave, he stretched his long arm round the ledge just inside, and poured a few drops of deadly poison into the medicine glass. Then with a grin of triumph on his ugly face, he threw a cloak over his shoulder and stole away.

"Tap, tap, tap." Somebody was knocking at the door.

"Who's there?" asked Peter sleepily.

"Tap, tap, tap."

He got up and opened the door. Tinker Bell, tinkling excitedly, flew into the room.

"The Pirates have captured them!" she tinkled, "the Pirates have captured them!" As Peter excitedly snatched up his dagger and sharpened it on the grindstone, he caught sight of Tinker Bell in his glass of medicine. He soon learned the reason when his little fairy told him in a weak voice that it was poisoned, and that she had drunk the

HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF TINKER BELL IN HIS GLASS.

poison as the only way to save his life. It was indeed an act of self-sacrifice; for too well did Tink know how much Peter loved Wendy, and that no warning of hers would prevent him from keeping his promise.

Poor Tinker Bell was dying! She would most certainly have died if Peter, in a frenzy of grief and with tears in his eyes, had not made this passionate appeal to all children: "Do you believe in fairies? If you do, clap your hands and that will save poor Tinker Bell." There were no children there and it was night time, but he addressed all who might be dreaming of the Never-Land and who were therefore nearer to him than you think. "Do you believe?" he cried.

As his plea rang round the world, there came an echo of sound as of millions of little hands clapping, as if all the children throughout the world knew suddenly that *of course* they believed in fairies.

The result was magical. Tinker Bell was saved; her light, which had been getting fainter and fainter, grew brighter and brighter again; the merry sound of tinkling (her way of speaking to Peter) which had almost died away, now grew stronger and stronger. She was once more the bright little fairy that escorted Peter to the Darling nursery, and again under her guidance, Peter set forth to rescue the Boys and Wendy.

He swore this terrible oath: "Hook or me this time!"

The Pirate Ship

THE PIRATE SHIP.

THE PIRATE SHIP

The pirate ship was a terribly evil-looking craft with its painted sails, its heavy tarred cordage, and its flag with the skull and cross bones upon it, flapping grimly at the stern. The poor children were at once driven into the dark and dirty hold while Hook walked the deck, chuckling to himself to think that at last he had them in his power.

"Are all the prisoners chained so that they can't fly away?" he asked Smee, who was very busy at his sewing-machine.

"Aye, aye, Captain," answered Smee, who was always industrious and obliging.

"Then hoist them up," shouted the Captain.

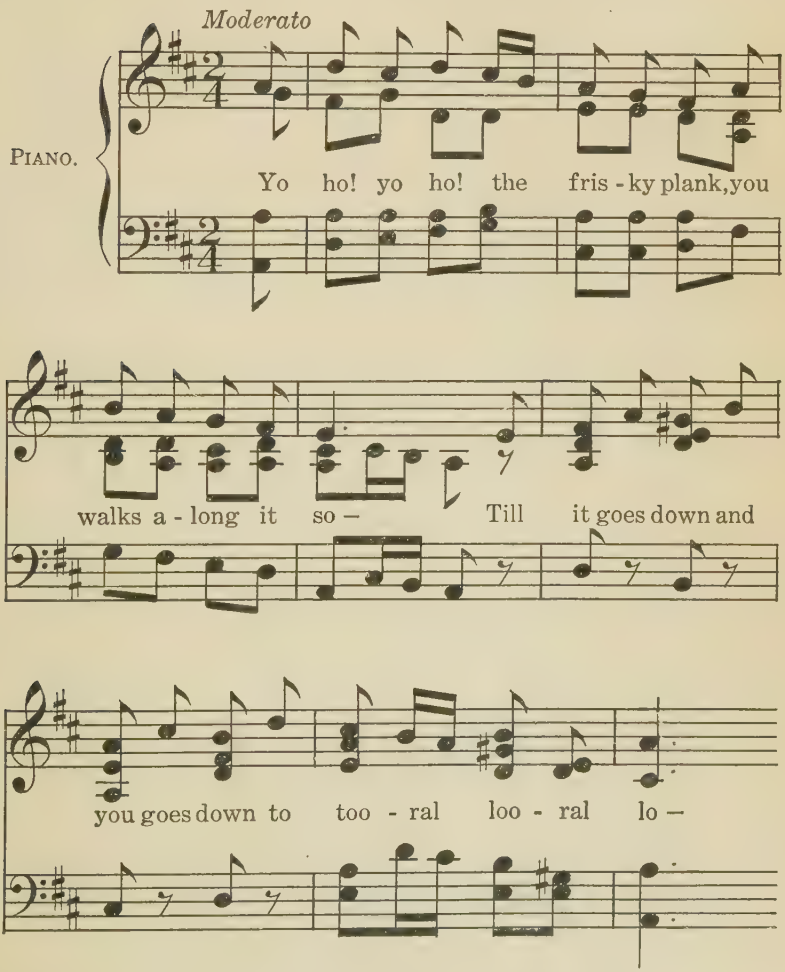
He seated himself on a chair covered

with a white bearskin, waiting while the Boys, whose wrists were chained together, were dragged out of the hold and brought before him. For a time Hook seemed unconscious of their presence. He sat at his ease humming a rude song and fingering a pack of cards. Every now and then the light from his cigar gave a touch of color to his face.

Six of them, he said, were to walk the plank at once, but he would save any two who were willing to be cabin boys. The children were not at first sure what walking the plank meant, but Hook soon enlightened them by roaring out in a dreadful voice a song in explanation, waving his hook to show how when the plank tipped they would be shot into the water and drowned.

Turning toward John Napoleon Darling he shouted: "You look as if you had some pluck in you!" John hesitated. In his

YO HO! YO HO! THE FRISKY PLANK



school-boy days he had always thought a pirate's life very attractive, so stepping forward, he said: "Will you call me Red-handed Jack?" The captain laughed with delight, and promised to give him that name if he joined the crew.

Then Michael went up to him and slapped him on the shoulder. "What will you call me if *I* join?" he asked. "Black-Bearded Joe," answered the Captain. Michael was naturally very much impressed.

But when they were told that they must of course swear "Down with the King!" neither Michael nor John would consent to becoming pirate cabin-boys. They were then pushed to one side and told that their doom was sealed, while Hook, horribly angry, buffeted them in the mouth, and shouted, "Bring up their mother! Get the plank ready!"

In a moment Wendy was dragged from the hold, and when the Boys rushed to pro-

tect her they were pulled back, leaving her standing alone looking very frightened but pretty in her brown dress, with a long brown cloak wrapped round her. Hook asked her if she had any last message for her sons who were about to die.

Wendy spoke beautifully to the Boys, telling them she was sure their real mothers would wish them to die like gentlemen. Even the pirates were awed, and her courage so inspired the children that they all cried they would do what their mothers wished.

Upon this, Hook ordered Smee to tie Wendy to the mast while his orders were being carried out.

But just as the Boys' fate seemed determined, something happened to change Hook's glee into terror. He heard a dreaded sound. It was the horrible tick! tick! ter-ick, tick, tick! of the crocodile! "The crocodile!" he yelled. "Hide me!

hide me!" In abject fear he rushed to a corner of the ship, while his men crowded round him, intent only upon shielding their captain from the jaws of the monster. It was frightful to see the change that came over the terrible Hook. He fell down in a heap on the deck. Even the iron claw seemed struck with terror.

The Boys waited, breathless with horror, until with sudden relief and rapture they saw, not the crocodile, but their beloved captain Peter Pan appearing over the ship's side. In one hand, at arm's length, he held an alarm clock, the ticking of which had made Hook believe that the crocodile was upon him.

Making a sign to his friends, Peter dashed into the cabin unseen by the Pirates and shut the door. The ticking ceased directly, and Hook's terror vanished.

Returning to his dreadful purpose, he cried:

"Now here's to Johnny Plank!" And again he began to sing, "Yo ho! yo ho! the frisky plank."

But the Boys, filled with hope and excitement, drowned his voice by singing "Rule Britannia." Just as the Pirate was about to vent his rage upon them, he was silenced by a shrill and piercing crow from the cabin.

Struck motionless with terror, the crew looked to their captain for some explanation. Hook ordered Gecco, one of his men, to enter the cabin and see what was the matter. First flinging up his arms despairingly, Gecco went. There was no more singing. Both the Boys and the Pirate crew listened very intently. Then they heard a death screech, and again the shrill mysterious crow. Hook waited, but Gecco did not return.

"Some one must bring me out that doodledoo," roared the Captain, and as no one volunteered, "I thought I heard Starkey

volunteer," he said, pointing his hook at Starkey.

Starkey looked round for help but all deserted him. Mad with terror, of the hook as well as of the uncanny creature in the cabin, Starkey rushed wildly round the deck, and finally, to escape both, flung himself overboard into the sea.

Furious at this mutinous behavior, Hook shouted, "I'll bring that doodledoo out myself!" He seized a lantern and rushed into the cabin. But he came running back immediately, shaking with terror. "Something blew out the light," he said, unsteadily.

A happy idea now struck him. Drive the Boys in — let *them* fight the doodledoo — if they kill him so much the better, if he kills them we're none the worse.

This, of course, was just what the children wanted. Concealing their delight and pretending to struggle, they allowed themselves to be pushed roughly into the cabin.

Wendy was left, bound to the mast, alone but unafraid. She was watching and waiting for the appearance of Peter.

In the meantime, all the Pirates huddled together, hiding their faces. Sailors, you know, are very superstitious, and they all thought the ship was bewitched.

So terrified were they that no one saw Peter steal out, followed by the Boys. They all crept silently up the ladder to the higher deck. No one saw Peter cut the ropes which bound Wendy. He whispered to her to conceal herself with the Boys, and, covering his face with her brown cloak so that he could pass for her, he took her place at the mast.

"It's the girl!" cried Hook. "There's never luck on a pirate ship with a woman aboard; let's throw her over." All the men knew that their Captain was right, and one of the Pirates started up and shook his fist at the brown-robed figure at the mast.

"There's nothing can save you now, Missy," he cried.

"There is one," came a ringing voice, and with the quickness of lightning the brown cloak was flung aside and there stood Peter Pan.

"Down, Boys, and at them," he shouted, and with a rush the Boys, armed with weapons which Peter had found in the cabin, swarmed down upon the lower deck.

The Pirates believed that all the Boys had been slain by the mysterious doodledoo, and were panic-stricken when they saw them with swords and daggers. Hook tried to encourage them, but like the dogs he had made them, they showed him their fangs. He knew that if he took his eyes off them, they would leap at him. Some of the crew rushed to the bulwarks and jumped overboard; others with their knives fell upon the Boys, while Hook backed into the cabin fighting for his life.

RIGHT INTO THE JAWS OF THE CROCODILE!

"Put up your knives, Boys, that man is mine!" cried Peter, pointing to Hook. Suddenly Hook found himself face to face with Peter. The others drew back and formed a ring around them. Hook tried to speak, but failed.

The Boys then turned their attention to the remaining members of the pirate crew, who were one by one forced into the sea, while the two mortal enemies appeared at the cabin door closed in deadly combat. Each was determined to kill the other. Step by step Hook was driven back to the side of the ship. He felt himself weakening. In despair he cried out: "'Tis some fiend fighting me! Who are you, Pan?"

"I'm youth!" cried Peter. "I'm a little bird that has broken out of the egg. I'm youth! I'm joy!"

With that he wrenched Hook's sword from him and pushed him into the sea, right into the jaws of the waiting crocodile who

caught him at last. Thus perished miserably the wicked Pirate James Hook.

The Boys burst into ringing cheers as they crowded round their hero. He stood like a conquering Napoleon while the pirate flag was lowered.

The Fate of the Pirates

All the pirates save two, Smee and Starkey, perished miserably in that awful fight.

Smee, the Irish Pirate, who was not so wicked as the rest of the crew, managed to escape, and subsequently became a reformed character and a brave sailor in the navy.

Starkey, who had never shed blood, but had been guilty of many cruel deeds, swam ashore and was captured by the Redskins. Ever afterward he led a miserable life, for Great Big Little White Panther, the Indian chief, compelled him to act as nurse to the papooses of the tribe — a sad come-down for a pirate!

NURSE TO THE PAPOOSES!

Home Sweet Home

HOME SWEET HOME

But all this time at home in the Darling household there was deep sorrow. Mr. Darling, as a punishment to himself for taking his children's guardian Nana away, had vowed that he would live in the kennel till Wendy and John and Michael returned. For months now he had lived in it, and had been carried to business in it every morning, much to the disgust of the prim little housemaid Liza.

Mr. Darling had become quite a celebrity, and great ladies, leaders of society, found him so interesting and touching, that they all cried out as he passed by, "Oh, do come to dinner at our house, do come in the kennel!" All the newspapers had asked him to write the cricket and football

news for them, and his picture postcards were to be seen at every shop window.

One evening, when he returned from business, carried as usual in the kennel, he was taken up to the now desolate nursery, where Mrs. Darling spent most of her time mourning for her lost children, while the faithful Nana tried in vain to cheer her up.

"George, George, I believe you are beginning to *like* that kennel," she said reproachfully as he crawled out.

He denied the charge, however, and tried to comfort Mrs. Darling, who never for one moment forgot the little empty beds and the silence and cheerlessness of the nursery. Then he left her, and sitting down by the fire, Mrs. Darling was alone with her sad thoughts.

Scarcely, however, had she closed her eyes when three little figures flew in at the window and nestled cosily in their beds. Then softly Wendy called to her mother. But

HE WOULD LIVE IN THE KENNEL TILL HIS CHILDREN'S RETURN.

when Mrs. Darling looked round she simply couldn't believe that the children were really there.

She had dreamed so many times before of their return, that it was not till they all three crowded round her that she realized that they had indeed come home. Oh! what joy to feel once more those dear faces cool and fresh from the flight through the night air pressed against hers, hot with tears; to hear once more the sound of those sweet voices as they all talked at once.

At last, when she was a little calm, Wendy began telling her about Peter Pan and the Lost Boys, who with Peter Pan himself were all waiting outside. Directly Mrs. Darling saw them, and heard that they had no mothers, she instantly adopted them all. Though the house would be rather crowded, she could easily put up some extra beds in the drawing-room, she said, and by

using a screen on her "At Home" days, everything could be comfortably managed.

The only difficulty lay with Peter. Much as he loved Mrs. Darling at first sight, much as he loved Wendy, he couldn't consent to grow up. So at last it was arranged that he should fly back alone to the Never-Never-Never-Land, and that once a year Mrs. Darling would allow Wendy to go and stay with him for a whole week to do his spring cleaning.

The Tree Tops

High in the tree tops of the Never-Never-Never-Land, Tinker Bell placed the little house that was built for Wendy. The tree tops are soft as velvet and in the evening at twilight are all bejeweled with tiny mauve, and white, and blue lights. The mauve ones are boy fairies, the white, girl fairies, and the blue lights are darling little sillies who are not quite sure what they are.

And the still air is filled with the singing of birds and the ringing of hundreds of little fairy bells. But the sweetest sound of all is the fluting of Peter Pan's pipe as he sits outside the little house and calls to the spring to make haste, because with the spring comes Wendy.

THE END

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